

Water Flowed by MistressYin

Series: [Just A Word \[13\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove (mentioned), Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-11-14

Updated: 2018-11-14

Packaged: 2022-04-23 03:01:22

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,191

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve takes the kids to the arcade.

Water Flowed

Author's Note:

Sup!

And the phrase of the day is...Water Flowed!

Steve stared at his hands curiously, watching the rain outside pound heavier.

Nancy had just told her father after careful consideration. She didn't outright tell him that her mother cheated, but she did tell him what she (he) saw.

Steve couldn't help but sigh. They were getting back into the normal groove of family drama. He couldn't exactly say he liked it, but at least it was familiar. Familiar like secrets were.

He carefully finished writing his essay, knowing that at least this time he didn't let his mind drift off track like he had when Nancy checked it.

He read over what he wrote, marking off with a red pen the corrections he could see. He would then re-write it and go back to correct it again. His brain made things like essays hard.

He got up from his seat, shoving the granola bar in his mouth before stuffing the wrapper in the trash bin. He grabbed his backpack to pick of the kids and take them to the arcade.

"Jane, are you--!" he called, only to see through the window that Jane was already excitedly waiting in the left back seat for him.

He snatched his key off of the hook and skipped outside, pulling his hood up to shield him a bit from the drizzling rain. He took a deep breath, tasting the smell of rain and wind before hopping over to his car. He pulled the door open and hurried inside, careful not to drip water on his seats.

With both hands on the steering wheel and keys in, he pushed down

the gas pedal.

Rain soaked his windows, the wind shield wipers moving faster at his command so his vision could clear.

Water was clarity and Wind was ease. Rain brought both of those.

He smiled to himself as he pushed in a tape, a much sadder playlist blaring around the car. He pulled up to the Hargrove house first, just in case Billy decided to go bat shit again. The kids didn't need to see that once, let alone twice (And who knows how many other times with Maxine).

He saw her shoes and skateboard first being used over her head like an umbrella before her smeared face through the wet windows came into view. She got into shot gun lightening quick, slamming the door and wringing her hair out quickly so it didn't soak his car.

"Heyo! You should probably go...Billy isn't in a good mood." She gave him an extremely pointed look, to which he returned with a sneer.

He pressed down on the gas and sped out of there, his wheels spinning uselessly for a second as it fought of the flooding water.

"Me first today? So it WAS you who pissed off Billy." She shifted herself so she was leaning against his arm, humming to the music.

"It was indirectly me who pissed off Hargrove." He responded, moving to change the tape to something happier, but was stopped by her hand.

"It's fine, I like it!" she protested.

He shrugged skeptically.

Next was Mike, then, which was awful because these two were about the 12th last people (he knew a lot of bad people, okay?) he wanted to see right now.

Steve shrugged off his jacket enjoyed the air conditioner drying off his sticky arms.

“Want to bet that not a single kid walks out their door with an umbrella?” she asked with a smirk.

“You’re on.” He felt pretty confident.

Jane scoffed, clearly amused by their antics.

Mike did not remember an umbrella, or was merely too lazy to get one in such equally lazy rain. He ran over at top speed and slid in to the very middle seat, shivering and grabbing the jacket he had just slid off to spread out over his lap. “I hate rain.” He grumbled, but brightened upon realizing Jane was sitting right next to him.

Next up was Sinclair, whom also lacked an umbrella even though his mother was shouting at him and it was raining significantly harder. He was almost tempted to lock him out of the car until he got an umbrella, but thought that might have been cheating for the bet.

He crossed his fingers on Dustin, and sure enough, the kid was holding a beach umbrella in his hands, walking at a leisurely pace towards them.

“Hey guys. How’s it going?”

He looked at Mike and Maxine exclusively, but they clearly didn’t know as much as he knew. Little eavesdropper. He looked at Steve in disapproval for not telling them, then complained loudly as he slid into the car, “Sad music?”

He moved to change it again but Maxine stopped him once more with a single look and raised hand. He slapped his hand back to the wheel.

“I won.”

He told her triumphantly to break the silence.

She glanced at him, “Fuck. I didn’t think you noticed or remembered.”

He grinned.

The water pounded harder outside, but he ignored it in favor of

humming to the music.

Steve parked the car outside of the arcade, informing them quickly, "Share an umbrella with Dustin or run."

Everyone but Jane bolted from the car clearly racing.

Dustin shrugged and held out the umbrella to Jane who smiled gratefully at him and stepped under.

Steve waved them goodbye and headed to his own destination.

Hawkins river always did look peaceful when it rained. He set his nice things in the car, his shoes and made sure to keep the car unlocked as he unplugged his keys.

He arrived there slowly, taking his time and examining to views. There was no need to rush.

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He cleared his head, allowing himself to get soaked by the rain as he stepped out, staring at his distorted reflection. It was cold out, but Steve liked the bite.

He moved through the mud and under a tree, feeling all the wet dirt soak through his jeans and make his skin itch. He leaned against the bark, the ridges just as soaked as his dripping face as exaggerated drops of water fell from the trees leaves and onto his face.

He took a deep breath, feeling a bit of water rush to his head. He looked down at his muddy brown socks and dug them further into the dirt. Across from him was a grave he rarely visited.

His eyes darkened when he stared at it. His birth mother that he had never gotten to know, his mother that died in childbirth, buried under the soaked leaves.

He only visited the grave on days like this, listening to her old playlist in the car, letting the rain wash over him. He didn't know much about her. He knew that she liked rainy days and music.

He smiled softly as his undershirt soaked through too.

It was biting cold and thirty feet under him and six feet to his left his birth mothers body was buried.

He took another wet, deep breath and let the sorrow wash over him

like the water did over his glass windows when the wind shield wipers weren't getting in the way.

Author's Note:

Thanks again from MistressYin!